

# The Times-Dispatch

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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1909.

## LOCAL OPTION IN ROANOKE.

Roanoke's experience with local option elections has been stormy. Twenty years ago the drys carried the city by a decisive majority, and the election, being promptly taken to the courts, was thrown out on the ground of fraudulent voting. Last December the drys carried the city again, and again the result was fought out and invalidated in the courts. Judge Staples ruled, it will be remembered, that the voting list was illegal, inasmuch as the treasurer could not certify that poll-taxes had been personally paid. In August the Anti-Saloon League, not satisfied with that decision, determined to tackle the town again. This time the wets have won, and once again there is intimation of a struggle in the courts. Feeling seems to have run rather high in Kimball Ward yesterday, where the wets were known to be strong. Dry workers accused one of the election judges of fraud, or of acting in a suspicious manner, and finally secured his arrest. In the difference of opinion which preceded this event, the local president of the Anti-Saloon League is said to have characterized the Mayor as "unfit to preside over a dog kennel." The Mayor reconsidered his first decision, and the warrant was forthcoming. If the election judge is found guilty, the drys are certainly expected to contest, and for the third time in her history Roanoke will have a wet and dry fight in the courts.

Of four local option elections in the Magic City in two decades, two have been won by the wets. This in itself is a rather interesting thing. Another point of interest about the election yesterday is its apparently distinct reversal of the election on December 29. The drys won that election by 86 votes and declared, with much reason on their side, that this represented the true sentiment of the community, and that the upsetting of the result was due to a pure technicality. Yet the wets carried the city yesterday by a majority of 69. A still more striking thing is the remarkable increase in the total vote. In December the total number of ballots was 2,184, and this was described at the time as a heavy vote. Yet there were 3,219 votes cast yesterday, an increase of 1,035, or nearly 50 per cent. Considering that only nine months separated the two elections, this gain must be described as most remarkably large.

If the election yesterday is contested, it appears that the ground will be no technicality, but a charge of wilful fraud. Whether such a charge as that can be supported by evidence remains to be seen. That there should be ground for suspicion in that direction in any Virginia election is always a matter of extreme regret. If the election stands as honest, it proves either that the drys were mistaken in their belief that they fairly carried the city in December—a belief shared by many disinterested persons—or else, as is more likely, that the largely increased vote has distinctly shifted the weight of the majority sentiment.

There can, of course, be no concealment of the fact that the rebuff yesterday will be a very severe one to the Anti-Saloon League. Following hard upon its overthrow in Petersburg and its loss of Bristol, the outcome yesterday gives quite a new complexion to what looked like a Roman march of triumph only a few months ago. What answer the league intends to give to a continued series of defeats in the larger cities of Virginia there can be no manner or shadow of doubt.

## WELL DONE.

Nearly 9,000 ears of corn have already been forwarded to the State Fair management for competition in the great special King Corn contest. It is estimated that 12,000 ears will be in hand when the contest begins next Monday, representing the best product of between 300 and 400 Virginia farmers. Professor Crossley, of Ames University, Iowa, recognized as perhaps the foremost judge of corn in America, will examine this enormous collection of individual ears and determine which of them are entitled to the handsome cash prizes.

These figures as they stand, tell the story. If a tornado should sweep over Virginia to-day and wipe out all the standing crops in the State; if a fire should run through the Fair Grounds to-morrow and lick up everything in and on them; if all the like-liest prize-winners should pass away during the coming winter, still those public-spirited newspapers, citizens and business houses who voluntarily co-operated with The Times-Dispatch to raise this special prize fund would have gained their end. The tremendous impulse given to scientific agriculture in Virginia would still remain. The spirit of competition among our farmers, the keen desire of each to turn out a little finer product than his neighbor and a little finer than he himself has ever before turned out, and the knowledge and under-

standing that this kind of rivalry begets—these things have already been attained, and cannot now be disturbed. For revolutions, in industry as in politics, never go backward. The throwing out of the old haphazard and wasteful methods of tilling the soil and the substitution of an exact system, founded on accurate and scientific knowledge, is a revolution in the fullest and soundest sense. The farmer who has once heard and practiced the gospel of the new agriculture can never be induced to go back to the outworn teachings of his grandfathers. And in helping to spread this gospel and win an eager hearing for it in the farmhouses of Virginia, the voluntary corn prize has played a notable part.

## TWO STEPS TOWARDS PUBLIC HEALTH.

Nothing in the present policy of Virginia cities promises more for civic betterment than the enthusiasm for public health. Charlottesville established a health department last winter. Staunton followed this summer; the Roanoke and Newport News boards have taken on new life, and Portsmouth is moving forward most aggressively.

Two recent steps of the Portsmouth health board are both novel and encouraging. The first aims at the accurate report of vital statistics. The Commissioner of the Revenue, in the absence of other legal provisions, is annually to report the changes by death or birth in every family. This means a long-felt want. Under Virginia law to-day, there are no requirements for any report on vital statistics. Unless the death be by violence, the physician need make no report. Contagious diseases may spread, epidemics may sweep the community, obscure causes of death may occur indefinitely—the law makes no demand for their report.

While the Portsmouth plan is admirable, it merely indicates the need of a general State law. Virginia should adopt the wise provisions of other codes, and require every physician to report promptly all deaths, births and contagious diseases occurring among his patients. The result would be detailed information of inestimable value; health authorities could then put their hands upon clearly defined problems and could intelligently move where now they can only surmise.

But the second innovation proposed by the Portsmouth authorities meets a more local and immediate need. They propose to purchase diphtheritic antitoxin from the State Board of Health and to distribute it free to the city's poor. At a cost of about 90 cents each to Portsmouth, the life of many poor children will thus be saved. This great remedial agent has reduced the total deaths from diphtheria to four for the whole city of Richmond in the year closing to-day. It will do the same for Portsmouth. A small outlay will result in untold benefit.

Other cities should follow Portsmouth's lead. A sounder investment could hardly be imagined.

## AFRICAN TRAILS AND TALES.

Even in Mombasa and Nairobi and on Kapiti plains, he retains something of the old attitude of homiletic which has long since made him the world's favorite preacher. On the cowcatcher of the Uganda train, he still exhorts; among the wildebeestes and Tommies and bustards and brilliant rollers and dig-digs he faithfully discharges small chunks of the moral uplift; whether seated quietly beside the pigskin library or busily reviewing the line of camp-followers which looked so like "some small military expedition about to start," he never forgets his duty to the great deserted world behind him. He still finds time to formulate and announce the true principles of the hunt, to elucidate the happy mean between game butchery and "soft-headed" objection to all killing, and to define correctly for us the purposes and limitations of the game preserve; to give sound counsel to the English and German races against becoming unfriendly rivals, and to impart a few hasty hints to the English government on the management of British East Africa.

In this first official instalment, the hunting is not yet well under way. The hunter has potted a few, but with the wind against him or something, and most of his big ones have got away. But the details of the start, the trail, the wardrobe and the arsenal are described in the familiar style and at somewhat costly length. This style will, of course, be criticized by those who are going to criticize anyhow. Eighteen-line sentences, he they never so thickly semicoloned, are distasteful to some; and we see that the author's most inveterate newspaper critic is objecting to his use of a plural verb with "what," meaning "that which." But for our part we find it comfortable enough going, particularly as we were not paying for it at anything a word. We say without fear of successful contradiction that people who like this sort of thing will like this uncommonly well. That there are many such is evident from the publisher's excited advertisements that new dealers are doubling their orders by wire and that now is the time to subscribe.

But one sentence sharply arrested our loyal and dutiful eye: "No other hunter alive has the experience of Selous; and so far as I now recall, no hunter of anything like his experience has ever also possessed his gift of penetrating observation joined to his power of vivid and accurate narration."

Can the Colonel conceivably be fishing? If not, the intelligent reader must recognize here a revelation of true and unconscious modesty such as all history cannot parallel.

Mr. Bryan is entirely right to refuse to debate the question of free raw materials with Senator Bailey at Atlanta or anywhere else. It would be difficult to conceive of any step which

would afford more sincere pleasure to the other party, eager as it is to divert attention from its own serious dissensions, or would do more, as he says, to "accentuate the tariff differences that have embarrassed our party in Congress." If such a debate could settle anything it might be worth having, but of course it could do nothing of the sort. It would be simply a matching of wits between two able and silver-tongued individuals: interesting, undoubtedly, but barren as to fruit. The Georgia delegation is said to be opposed to a man to the policy of free raw materials, the reason being, we assume, that Georgia produces some raw materials herself. No one who watched the recent tariff doling in Congress will imagine for a moment that anything that Mr. Bryan could conceivably say would convert one of these Georgians into believing that Georgia's products, regardless of what else was done, should go under the free list. The proposed joint debate would entertain the few thousands of Atlantans who heard it, would greatly delight the Republicans, would help to divide the Democrats into two distinct and hostile camps, and would serve no other purpose whatever.

Mr. Taft has already declared his admiration for a tariff law as stiff as Mr. Aldrich could squeeze through, with a corporation tax tacked on for good measure. Last night he expressed his approval of the ship subsidy scheme and loyally promised to urge it in his next message. These two things are not unrelated. If you tax the people all that the traffic will bear, something must be done with the money that rolls in. Why not give it to the steamship lobby, which has been begging and sweating for it so long? If the lobby wants more than the surplus cash in hand, tax the people some more. If the American flag "is disappearing from the high seas" bribe somebody to carry it there with money sneaked out of the farmer's pockets. That is the way that a just and ingenious government proves that taxation creates wealth and that anybody who knows the ropes can readily lift himself by his bootstraps.

Twenty-six carloads of export cattle, weighing 1,400 pounds to the head, and shipped in a single day, was a recent record for Dublin, Pulaski county. The entire consignment came from local farmers, and was worth not less than \$50,000 to the shippers. Here is a single case of what might be an everyday occurrence in Virginia. Barren acres, now given over to broomstraw, could be converted into pasture that would support the finest stock in the world. Easily transported and sold in the best market of Europe, this stock would bring fortunes to Virginia farmers.

A woman's head on the new registry stamp? Why, it would make the man who licked it feel like a wife-beater!

The President's endorsement of "beef and oil" will help to make him solid with a lot of people who rarely raise a cheer for Senator Aldrich.

The nights are getting longer now, which may help some in the Kentucky rider districts.

Let Mr. Peary prove, if he can, that Cook's are only talking-machine records, anyway.

As to that "raw materials" debate, it may be said that Mr. Bryan could not possibly do anything which would split the party worse than he has split it in the past.

Senator Gore, it is said, does not altogether like being referred to as the blind Senator. We don't think he need mind much so long as it is the Senators with good eyes who are doing all the falling into ditches.

You can go from St. Paul to Seattle in sixty hours, but what's the use?

The Baldwin dirigible balloon fell into the Hudson the other day, having taken the wrong dirig at the crossing.

Come into the garden, October!

We should like for Mr. Glavis to speak up and tell us how he likes the looking in from out there.

Here in Richmond, where the first families live, winning a pennant is now done by a mixture of the primitive and the vulgar thing, quite beneath those with truly refined traditions.

Last fall we had to stand for green felt hats; this fall they are Alice blue; next year we look confidently for something in the way of a neat pink stripe.

"A little igloo now and then is relished by the Eskimoes," sings the Nashville American. "A little white oil, well wrapped, is relished by the Eskimoes," observes the Washington Herald. Sure. And a little short and vulgar hurled delights the simple Eskimoes.

## A VICTORY IN ILLINOIS.

Election of Judge Geo. A. Cooke a Disappointment for Democrats. The election of Judge George A. Cooke to the Supreme Court of Illinois by a plurality of more than 2,000 in the Fourth Judicial District was a clean-cut Democratic victory won on the basis of the principles. It was, moreover, a sharp rebuke to the warring Republican machine politicians of the district, who made of their nominating convention such an orgy of rowdiness that its nominee declined to serve. Judge Milton McClure, subsequently removed by the Republican Committee for the district, appeared in person before the court and was elected by a man well qualified for a place in the Supreme Court of the State, but who in the convention of his party harmed him in the election. His appeal for nonpartisan support on the ground that party politics should not control in elections to the judiciary was unavailing in a contest in which the Democratic party had proven itself possessed of superior principles and methods.

While paying a decent respect to the custom which subordinate partisan politics to fitness of the candidate in the election of Judges, Judge Cooke frankly asked for support on the ground that James D. McLaughlin was insufficiently represented in the State's highest tribunal. Taking into view the influence of the party of Jefferson, Jeffersonian and Hamiltonian standards of legal construction, the voters approved his contention, and elected him because he was a Democrat. On the bench Judge Cooke will not be a partisan. He will only give to the law the aid of his own judgment, which will do it good.—St. Louis Item.

## Borrowed Jingles.

"KETCHUP." Whistling rolled the city streets in my new auto car. An' puttin' on a lot of lug like poets allus say. There's moved 't town an' got a job, there's heaps o' things that come. T' feller's even an' ears an' nose that make him think o' hum. Like yesterday on Avenue, when suddenlike my new car came. Jist caught the smell o' sumthin' sweet as enny climbin' rose. It wa'n't perfume n'r nuthin' else that's ennyway nice. 'Twas straight from someone's kitchen where they's ketchup bilin' in! I s'pose it come from some place of the parment dwellin' sort. Where they call it "ketchup," which it aint seemin' to be. Profaned this tasty product as 'twas never meant to be! An' yit I'm mighty thankful for the smell of it that come. T' make me think o' mother an' Septem-ber days, when I was a kid. It took me back 't Swazy fore I grewed 't a man. An' mother made her ketchup on a hull-sale sort o' plan. I recollect her method an' I really ain't no right. Withholdin' from my fellow men a thing of such delight. You choose the best termites that the kired 'em kin find. An' b'ile 'em in a kettle of the "opulenter" kind. An' then 't got 't strain in an' again 't b'ile 't down. An' throw a bag o' spices in an' slosh 'em all aroun'. An' keep a-billin' of it twell it's good an' proper thick. Then bottel it an' cool it off an' run an' hide it quick! Ah, trimmin's fitten for a King! Why, tell me of it here. Jist fairly takes me back again for all o' two years. Afore I ever dreamed o' town, er smoked a good cigar. Er of in restaraws—er druv an auto car! —John D. Wells, in Buffalo Evening News.

## MERELY JOKING.

An Artful Pleader. "Look here," said the lawyer, "I enjoy a game as much as anybody. But the next time you get out you must tell me you are going to somebody's funeral. No body can have so many grandmothers and uncles and other near relations."

"Our family isn't like the general run," answered the office boy. "Father was a Mormon."—Washington Star.

He Remembered. He: "Do you remember the night I proposed to you?" She: "Yes, dear."

He: "We sat for an hour, and you never opened your mouth."

She: "I don't remember, dear."

He: "Ah, that was the happiest hour of my life."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Classified. "The Hon. Thomas Rott believes every man has his price."

"Eyes and ears of himself has been on the 10-cent counter ever since I have known him."—Puck.

Best We'll Get. "Well, the proofs are out."

"Of the pole discovery?"

"No; of the book."—Washington Herald.

It May Be. "Are you good on ethical questions?"

"Bluciated your problem."

"Does a girl care for you when she writes you letters on a typewriter?"

"Well, I don't know. It may be that she is trying to break herself of the habit of hand-writing."—Pittsburgh Post.

Do It Again. "These polar explorers are getting lots of applause."

"But it is mostly applause of the kind that leads to a call for repetition of the performance."—Kansas City Journal.

MILDLY SUGGESTED. A TEXAS man who favors Cook has whipped a Louisiana man who favors Peary. Now is there any doubt as to who discovered the pole?—Hochester Post-Express.

Let's leave Mars alone. We have enough to worry about here.—Memphis Commercial-Appal.

President Taft was guarded by thirty-two blue-shirted sheriffs while in Colorado and the occasion passed without the loss of even an innocent bystander.—Columbia State.

Canon has been able to "kill" everything except prosperity, and that was never introduced in Congress.—Charleston News and Courier.

They occasionally take a negro in Florida just by way of showing that prohibition isn't the only thing doing that way.—Chattanooga Times.

White House infested with rats! Well, the old ship of state must be all right yet, for the said rats are about to leave a sinking ship.—Florida Times-Tribe.

"The Lure of the Land." Where now shall we look for land? According to Frederic C. Howe, in the October Scribner, the new inclosed territory of free land has been taken up. There is now no home-stand to be had for the asking.

The new world discovered by Columbus is a valuable vent for the political ferment of the old. The economic distress of Europe, and the continent of its congested population. The congestion of the Atlantic seaboard was relieved by migration to the new world. The Atlantic schooner carried the chattels and the hopes of millions of Americans. The resources of the new world seemed inexhaustible.

But now, in the opinion of Mr. Howe, the fields are all fenced off, and the herds are looking to the cities, herds that once sought free land for home-stands. The economic history of mankind is passing before our eyes in human form.

Logically we ought to be pessimistic as Mr. Howe is to a certain extent. But events are strangely logical until after they have happened. Relief comes when least expected. There has never yet been a shortage of land, and the human race forward to new horizons and to new and higher destinies.—Boston Globe.

"The Pioneer Sleeping Car." The first real sleeping car was built in 1864, says Outing. It was called the Pioneer, and the builder further designated it by the letter "A." Little dreaming of a sharp rebuke to the warring Republican machine politicians of the district, who made of their nominating convention such an orgy of rowdiness that its nominee declined to serve.

Judge Milton McClure, subsequently removed by the Republican Committee for the district, appeared in person before the court and was elected by a man well qualified for a place in the Supreme Court of the State, but who in the convention of his party harmed him in the election. His appeal for nonpartisan support on the ground that party politics should not control in elections to the judiciary was unavailing in a contest in which the Democratic party had proven itself possessed of superior principles and methods.

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**Dr. Lyon's**  
**PERFECT**  
**Tooth Powder**  
cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth, prevents tooth decay and imparts purity and fragrance to the breath.

**PRINCE VICTOR**  
**AFRICAN HUNTER**

Writes That He Has Not Met Roosevelt on His Travels.

PEER FIGHTS SLAVE TRADE

Lord Clinton Says Sale of Stevenson Caused by Heavy Taxes.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENAY.

PRINCE VICTOR of Italy, Count of Turin, brother of the Duke of Abruzzi, has a length been heard from in the interior of Africa. He has not encountered Theodore Roosevelt in his travels, and is now in the eastern provinces of Belgian Congo, making his headquarters at Basoko. He has been traveling very extensively in the most remote possessions of England and Germany, in the centre of Africa, far beyond the reach of civilization, and this news of his whereabouts is virtually the first that has been received for a number of months past.

Anti-Slavery Advanced. Lord Monckswell, president of the Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society, who in that capacity is sending Joseph Burt as the representative of the organization to the United States for the purpose of arousing, by means of lectures in the principal cities, public sentiment against the slave-traffic, has just returned from his tour of the United States, and has been a frequent visitor to this country, and was also one of the British representatives at the International Exhibition of Chicago and St. Louis.

He is indebted for his presence to his father, who was a very eminent judge, and died as member of the judicial committee of the Privy Council, the highest tribunal of the British empire. He has been in the United States for some time, and has been in connection with the technical points of international law which he raised in the case of the *Felicilda* pirates, and so important was his argument in the matter considered that the American minister used it in support of his demands upon Lord John Russell and the British government for the detention of the Confederate cruisers in the Mersey. That demand of Minister Adams and that argument of the late Lord Russell were subsequently acted upon by the British government, though not before the Alabama had got away—a getting away for which the Geneva Court of Arbitration mulcted the British nation to the tune of \$15,000,000.

Though not impressive in appearance—the late Edmund Yates once likened the latter to that of a "prosperous rabbit"—the late Lord Monckswell was a most versatile and thoroughly accomplished man. He was an artist of no mean merit, his paintings finding a place on the walls of the Royal Academy. He translated the "De Corona" of Demosthenes, and was one of the finest amateur billiard players in England.

His artistic talents he has bequeathed to his younger son, the Hon. John Collier, of the Royal Academy, one of the most successful portrait painters in London, and whose pictures entitled "The Cheat" in the Royal Academy Exhibition of 1905, and "Death Sentence" at the Royal Academy two years later, have been extensively reproduced on both sides of the Atlantic, and furnished as much discussion here in America as in England.

John Collier married, first, one of the daughters of the late Professor Elliot and after her death her younger sister; and it is only since the repeal two or three years ago of the English law forbidding marriages with deceased wives' sisters that his sons by his second marriage have become legitimate, and been placed in the line of succession to the peerage of their uncle, Lord Monckswell.

Lord Monckswell's son and heir, the Hon. Robert Collier, spent some time at Washington as secretary of the British embassy there.

Lord Monckswell himself has been a lord in waiting to Queen Victoria, and secretary of state for foreign affairs in the last Rosebery administration, and chairman of the County Council—that is to say, chief magistrate of that immense portion of London not comprised in the narrow limits of what is known as "the city." Before the death of his father's peerage he worked at the bar, and was for many years conveying counsel to the treasury. He is very well off, the fortune of his family having been founded by his grandfather, a Plymouth merchant of high standing and great shrewdness, who represented that port in Parliament for many years.

Sir Thomas Buxton. Associated with Lord Monckswell in his quest to the American people on the subject of the condition of slavery in the Portuguese cocoa plantations of West Africa is Sir Thomas Powell Buxton, the chairman of the board of directors of the great Anti-Slavery and Aborigines Protection Society in England.

Sir Thomas, in spite of his deriving the greater part of his large income from his partnership in the great brewery firm of Truman, Hanbury & Buxton, has been one of the leaders of the Temperance party, and in earlier days was very pronounced in

his evangelistic opinions; in fact, a good deal of a Puritan. Indeed, when he was appointed to the governorship of South Australia he considered it his duty to prohibit, before reaching the antipodes, that he would, while in office, live up to his evangelical principles, and give no sanction either to the race-course or to the theatre by his presence. He had not been very long in Australia, however, before he found that he must bow to the inevitable. The representatives of the crown in Australia have very few political duties to discharge. They are the local heads of society, and their business is to entertain, to be entertained, to patronize both the stage and the principal races of the year; in fact, to promote all social undertakings precisely in the same manner as the royal family is accustomed to do in England. So Sir Thomas, like a sensible man, gradually accepted the situation, put his temperance and evangelistic principles into a pocket for the time being, became a familiar figure on the race-course and at theatrical performances, and did not hesitate to serve the most excellent wines at all of the entertainments. His sojourn in Australia had the result of transforming him into a very narrow-minded into a broad-minded man; and while the now defunct Exeter Hall was in vogue at what it described as his "fall from grace," his friends were delighted.

That Sir Thomas Powell Buxton should be prominently identified with the management of the Anti-Slavery Society is wholly in keeping with the traditions of his family. For his grandfather, and namesake, the first baronet, achieved international fame as an Abolitionist, and succeeded Wilberforce as the champion of the slaves in the West Indies, contributing more than any other man to their emancipation. He was likewise associated with his nephew-in-law, Mrs. Fry, in the reform of the prison management, and in the introduction of more humane methods in penal institutions; while another movement which he helped to bring to a successful issue was the going away with suttee in India, the practice of which the widow of deceased Hindoos on the latter's funeral pyre.

Sale of Stevenson. Lord Clinton attributes his sale of Stevenson, in North Devon, to the heavy estate and succession duties which he has been called upon to pay. But the English newspapers are wrong in describing it as having been in the possession of his ancestor for some 400 years; that is to say, since the reign of Henry VIII. For it came to him only a comparatively short time ago, through the death of his younger brother, the Hon. Mark Rolle, the greatest landowner in the West of England. Lord Clinton's forefathers were members of the House of Trefusis, whereas Stevenson belonged to the Rolles.

When the last Lord Rolle died, in the early part of the reign of Queen Victoria, without issue, he left all his property for life to his widow, directing that on her demise it should go to her own nephew, the Hon. Mark Trefusis, who was her brother's son. Lord Clinton, in the event of his dying without male issue, the property was to go to his elder brother, the present Lord Clinton.

Lord Clinton holds one of the oldest baronies in the United Kingdom. Indeed, there are only four baronies senior to the barony of Clinton, which was created in 1298, and of which the present Lord Clinton is the holder. As in the case of the very few remaining peerages by writ, the barony of Clinton descends through the female line, and in this case has passed through marriage from the original house of Clinton into the Trefusis family, to which it is now attached.

Lord Clinton's principal home is in the Trefusis family, which belonged to the Saville family, the reign of Richard I. to that of Henry II., and then to the Killgrews, the Yeos, the Rolles, the Waltons, and finally to the Trefusis family. Having this country seat, he naturally does not reside in London, but comprises a very stately mansion, containing a great deal of Grinling Gibbons' work, standing in a park of about 2,000 acres, and some 500 cottages on the sea level. To the northeast stretches Exmoor Forest, to the south Dartmoor, and to the west the Trefusis "westward ho" country. Lady Clinton, a widow, is now residing in the Trefusis mansion, which is a very fine building, and is a very fine building, and is a very fine building.

THE HUNTER'S OWN LIBRARY. Roosevelt's Jungle Books Are Merely His Own Favorites. The Piskin Library of Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt is a collection of some 10,000 volumes, and is a collection of some 10,000 volumes, and is a collection of some 10,000 volumes.

There is much poetry—such mild poetry as that of Keats and Tennyson—such vital poetry as that of Shelley, such strong poetry as that of Milton. There is much of George Borrow, ex-parte, written from the inside of the guillotine. For fiction there are selections from Bret Harte, Scott and Charles Dickens, with the two last named authors with his essays. There are also "Frederick the Great," Mark Twain is drawn upon to the extent of "Huckleberry Finn" and "Tom Sawyer." Euripides is honored, but Aeschylus and Sophocles are wholly omitted. Shakespeare and Marlowe are included to the fullest extent. Also Homer.

So far well and good. But what shall we say of certain Mahabharata "Power"? With what appropriateness can this volume be included in the library of a man who is a devotee of the game? Could not and should not the colonel forget all about battleships while treading the wilderness paths of the "Mahabharata"? And what of the "Mahabharata"? The young man will have acquired a considerable education, aside from his experiences as a sportsman, and a very good one, and a very good one, and a very good one.

On the whole, the list of Theodore and Kermit is by no means a bad one. It is more liberal than that of the late Lord Monckswell, and is a very good one, and a very good one, and a very good one.

Western Authority Claims That Reformatory Sentences Are No Deterrent. Crime of one sort and another has increased in the South since the reformatory system has been introduced. The statistics in this locality, J. J. Schenck, the county attorney believes it is due to the fact that the reformatory system is not a deterrent, and is a deterrent, and is a deterrent.

WHERE CRIMINAL LAWS FAIL. The West is rising in the scale of good citizenship, and very rapidly. Its percentages of crime to population are less than they were in the North Atlantic and North Central divisions ten years ago. The South, however, is not so good, and is not so good, and is not so good.

Western Authority Claims That Reformatory Sentences Are No Deterrent. Crime of one sort and another has increased in the South since the reformatory system has been introduced. The statistics in this locality, J. J. Schenck, the county attorney believes it is due to the fact that the reformatory system is not a deterrent, and is a deterrent, and is a deterrent.

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